



Servant of the Sith



starwars

fanfic

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Chapter 1 by dragonsofyore

The man was quite intimidating in his pitch black cloak, that hid his face in shadows. But what terrified me most was the rage that was in his voice, barely concealed beneath the surface, yet still evident as he paced across the room. "I could have sworn that my certain 'sources' would send me a pilot, but what do I get, a mechanic." I bit my lip, then, my voice quivering slightly, I spoke. "Sir, it's not that I don't know how to fly, just I was never given the chance." He paused, then smiled, a evil smile, of one who is plotting. "Did you ever feel the strong urge to prove yourself? The hunger of knowledge?" Quickly I nodded, for I had indeed wanted to prove myself to be more than a worthless mechanic. The man smiled once more. "There is someone I would like you to meet, I need you to pilot his ship for him." After my brain tossed around the possibilities. Mirroring him I too smiled, "It would be my pleasure, Lord Sidious."

Chapter 2 by Phantim



"I want you to take good care of him. Also keep me informed of all his actions through a private channel. With Darth Maul dead... All I have now is my other apprentice. Ah, here he is now..." Lord Sidious paused, then gestured to a door that was just opening.

"Oh hello! Yousa musta be beings meesa new pilot! Meesa is jumping with joy ta be seeing you!" the strange alien caught the pilot off-guard. He had never seen a Gungan before. Still, he had to impress the dark lord.

"The honor is mine, lord...?" he paused realizing he didn't know the creatures name.

"Meesa Jar Jar Bink! Now Whoosa Is yousa!" he inquired playfully.

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Chapter 3 by Phantim

"My name is Captain Daerlings Stormborn for the first time I get you, the First of Her Name, the Unburnt, Queen of Moereen, Queen of the Andals and the Rhovnar and the First Men, Khaleesi!"

of the Great Grass Sea, Breaker of Chains, Honors Student, Graduating top of my flight Class, Slayer of Wookies, Bane of Banthas, and Mother of Krayt Dragons." I reply formally.

"Whoosie doosie! Meesa call yousa Dany, oki kasie? Wowee, yousa gotsin a grand big name fo' sure!" He replied giddily.

It was hard to believe this creature was a Sith Lord, but it was not my place to question.

"I will be taking my leave of you two then. Jar-Jar stay on mission. Captain Daenerys... you have your orders." with that Lord Sidious spun around and marched out the door. As soon as the doors closed behind him there was an immediate change in Lord Jar-Jar. His posture, his facial expressions all shifted into something darker, and when he spoke, I couldn't even accept that he was the same person.

"My new pilot, eh?" he seethed, obviously a rhetorical question. "Bet he asked you to spy on me too, hmmm?" his eyes burned into me with the question. Then I felt myself thrown back, slamming into the space cruiser.

"If you slip one word to him. One transmission without my approval... You will find the true meaning of pain." he said. I tried to focus on his words but all I could feel was the choking sensation in my throat as he held out his hand towards me. What sort of creature was he?

Chapter 4 by dragonsofyore



In the following days, I was careful not to upset him, careful never to displease him, or Lord Sidious.

Chapter 5 by Phantim



Even though he made me do some things that made me very uncomfortable... I still remember him sitting down next to me on the ship one day...

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Chapter 6 by Glowpy-Druglord



"You can stop hitting your head against the wall now," the pilot growled to the Sith behind her. The constant thud, thud, thud was beginning to aggravate her to no extent. She was half tempted to eject him into deep space and be done with it. But she need him, and....an unconscious Twi'lek too. She heaved a loud sigh, focusing on keeping her ship from being blasted.

"Why me?" the Sith groaned. "Why did they choose me? I hate this mission."

"Wonder where he got that idea," the pilot muttered to herself. "Dendren, can I speak to you? Alone?" She pushed the autopilot button, grabbing the Sith by his hood. He jerked it out of her iron grip, glaring at her. "Why do we have to bring him?"

"One: I had too and two: I had no choice." His mask revealed nothing but she could tell he hated this as much as she did. "Callipe, help me."

"Man up," she spat, "and grow a pair." She sat back down in her pilot's chair, fuming. "I sure hope this will end soon. Even though you knocked him unconscious, you psycho."

"I have to bring him to Darth Jar-Jar," he groaned, putting the heel of his hand against his forehead. "Why? I don't know."

Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8

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